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02x17 - You Can Leda Girl to p*ssy

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02x17 - You Can Leda Girl to p*ssy

by **bunniefuu**

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[Outside Babylon. Brian pounces on Justin.]

Brian: I'm gonna f*ck you. I'm gonna f*ck you all night long. [They make out.]

Justin: Aren't you getting enough?

Brian: Never, enough.

Justin: Why we can't save it until the weekend?

Brian: Why should we save it? So, we're get the car.

Justin: I was thinking that we could go away, just we two of us. Snowboarding.

Brian: Cool! Except there is no snow.

Justin: In Vermont. Daphne was just there with her boyfriend. She said it was amazing. They stay in the awesome place. There was a Jacuzzi and a fireplace in every room.

Brian: Did they have little mints on the pillows?

Justin: I forgot. Brian Kinney doesn't do romance.

Brian: I don't need any excuse to f*ck.

Justin: You also doesn't need an excuse to turn me down. Why just you admit you don't wanna go away with me for the weekend?

Brian: I don't wanna go with you for the weekend.

Justin: No need to so open.

Brian: I wanna go away with you the whole f*ck' week.

Justin: Right!

Brian: Hey, if you're not interested I can find somebody who will.

[Brian smarms up to a stranger.]

Brian: A week with me in Vermont with Jacuzzis and fireplaces? I guess it's just the two of us.

Justin: Are you serious?

Brian: We're on your Spring Break and I'm make some partner which makes me more than entire week of snowboarding.

[Justin jumps into Brian's arms and they kiss.]

[Mel and Lindz. Mel wears a glas and read something.]

Mel: Did you put Gus down?

Lindsay: Yep, he's snuckling up in his bed. Now it's my turn.

[Lindsay pounces the bed and rolls on Melanie's work. Mel takes off her glasses and pets Lindsay's head.]

Mel: Baby, you look exhausted.

Lindsay: So do you.

Mel: Roll over.

Lindsay: What for?

Mel: Go ahead. Go on!

[Mel sits on Lindsay's back and grabs a bottle of lotion.]

Mel: You are goin' to love this.

Lindsay: [moan] Mmmh, this feels good.

Mel: Let all the tension go.

[Just as Mel lifts Lindsay's shirt mostly up her back, Leda walks right into their bedroom.]

Leda: I just finished the floors in green.

Mel: That's nice.

Leda: Night.

Lindsay: Night. [Leda is away] Maybe we should I've should gone with wood instead of the pie.

Mel: Don't think about it. Just relax.

[Melanie makes Lindsay roll over so she can start massaging Lindsay's breasts.]

Mel: This is a special form of massage. It's called foreplay.

Lindsay: Oh, I've missed this.

Mel: Oh, you're so hot.

[Lindsay yawns.]

Lindsay: Sorry.

[Mel curls her hands around Lindsay's breasts and rests her head in between them. They're asleep.]

[Liberty Diner. Emmett has decided to balance his checkbook.]

Emmett: You know, the thing about checkbooks it allows you to take a trip down Purchase Lane.

Ted: Let me see. In the future? Balance before you buy. How much cost me this time?

Emmett: Mmmh, fifty? Close back to eighty if I want my phone back.

Michael: Try a hundred if you had to pay your electric.

[Some guy walks into the diner and makes incredibly obvious eyes at Brian, who watches him back.]

Ted: So, is he good as he looks? And spare us your mindless saying answers.

Brian: First I made him worship my c*ck for an hour. [Michael looks up.] Then I let him rim me for a good forty-five minutes. After that, I f*cked him so hard he passed out. I'm surprised he's up and walking around.

Ted: Ups, cancel the sex talk. l*sbian approaching.

[Mel walks up with a to-go cup of coffee.]

Michael: Are you kidding? Mel and Lindsay are a couple of sex machines. They soak the sheets.

Mel: I don't care to discuss my self life with a bunch of foul-mouthed f*gs.

Emmett: Something is on the wax.

Brian: Or maybe not any.

Mel: You see how much you get when you have a family to support, a kid to raise and a major renovation under the roof but of course you never will since your only resonsiblity is to your dicks.

Brian: That's why I'm smiling and you're not.

Ted: Sounds to me like a case of LBD.

Michael: What the hell is that?

Mel: l*sbian Bed Death?

Emmett: First it dries up. Then it shrivels up. Then it closes up. And then it disappears.

Michael: How come I never heard of that?

Mel: Because it only exists in the minds of cunty g*y men.

Ted: Don't worry Mel, there's research and new developments every day.

Brian: There's going to be a telethon.

Emmett: Yeah, we all can wear a little ribbons on our lapels.

[Mel goes away.]

[Ryder Advertising.]

Cynthia: He wants you see you, right away.

Brian: What's the rush?

Cynthia: He's on the phone all morning with his attorney and that can only mean one thing.

Brian: He's divorcing his wife?

Cynthia: He's making you a partner.

Brian: What are you so exciting about it?

Cynthia: I'm happy for you. And a partner assistent gets to be a important b*tch to everybody. Now get in there. And good luck, partner.

[She opens the door to Ryder.]

Ryder: Brian.

Brian: What's up?

Ryder: Big change up.

Brian: How?

Ryder: I sold the agency.

Brian: What?

Ryder: To Gardner Aven. It's been on my telephon for years finding me an offer that I couldn't refuse. Now I can buy a place in Bermuda for retire and play golf until I drop.

Brian: Congratulations.

Ryder: Thank you.

Brian: What about me? You made me a promise if we had another 5 million place this year...

Ryder: Look, I had no choice. I had to sell.

Brian: You wouldn't have a company to buying without me. I brought you over 4th of your accounts.

Ryder: And I made sure that Vance knows about that. You're are gonna be his guy. He needs you. I give you my word.

[Brian smirks, pouts, and stomps off.]

[The bank. At the ATM.]

Emmett: With the money Teddy loaned me, my new balance should be $147.16.

Michael: So, were your calculations accurate?

Emmett: Just a switch off. This time I have $10,000,146.16.

Michael: Huh? Obviously that's a mistake.

Emmett: Not necessarily. This is just a borrowing account.

Michael: What are you doing?

Emmett: Only I way to find out.

[He do it again. With an new coupon. He see it and he must laugh.]

[Mel and Lindz. At the living room.]

Leda: l*sbian Bed Death. What kind of bullshit is that?

Mel: It must be something to it. We're not like other couples who stopped having sex.

Leda: Every couple goes through hot and cold spells.

[Leda takes her clothes off in the living room. She's only in her wife-beater.]

Leda: How long you've been together?

Lindsay: Seven years.

Leda: I consider yourself as lucky. Listen, I'm not an authority on long-term relationships, in fact I tried to avoid them. But I do know a thing or two about sex. And I can tell you this. Your battery isn't dead, it just needs recharging. [she crouches down and holds a beer bottle between Lindz legs] What you need is shake things up, do something different, bein' spontaneous.

Mel: Spontaneous?

Leda: Yeah, a couple of f*ck babes like you? You shouldn't have any problem.

[Leda gives her beer bottle head and then walks upstairs. Mel and Lindz sit there for a while. Lindsay's blushing, and Mel's neck is getting an erection.]

[Woddy's. Justin, Michael, Ted and Brian are they]

Justin: I found this g*y B&B.

Ted: Sounds suspiciously l*sbian.

Justin: It's the best snowboarding in Vermont. [to Brian] This is the first time we've ever gone away together.

Ted: Is that such good idea when your company are taking over?

Brian: They need me more than you know.

Ted: I guess you got bigger ba*ls than I do.

Brian: Was that ever a question?

[Emmett flits into his seat.]

Emmett: What'll be boys? Drinks are on me.

Ted: Is that what you're gonna do with the hundred bucks I gave you?

[Emmett returns the money to Ted.]

Emmett; I won't be needing any financial assistence.

Michael: Someone accidentally deposited ten million dollars in his account.

Justin: f*ck.

Ted: I hope you didn't touch any of it!

Emmett: Only a measly three hundred.

Ted: Do you know what you've done? It's committed bank fraud, That's a federal offense.

Emmett: Oh! Oh, my God!

Michael: I've warned you.

Emmett: What I'm gonna do?

Ted: Tomorrow you gonna go back to the bank, return back every cent.

Emmett: Do you mind if I borrow back the hundred. There is that fabulous Gucci belt.

[Brian's at work. Now he works for Vanguard Advertising. Cynthia stands in front of him. Speachless. Brian goes in for his meeting.]

Gardner: Gardner Vince.

Brian: Brian Kinney.

Gardner: Sit. Ryder tells me that you've the best account exec he's got.

Brian: He's right.

Gardner: That's why I'm fired everyone else.

Brian: I've always hated those long lines at the water cooler.

Gardner: He also telly me that you are arrogant, willful, and insubordinate.

Brian: I try my best to live up my reputation.

Gardner: Why you stop and telling me why I shouldn't fire you, to.

Brian: For one thing, I know more about this company than you do. For another I had the relationship with the clients. If I go, they go. And finally we both know you get more from me than from talentless boys for a half the price.

Gardner: Before I quit this I learned everything about it. Everything. I was contacted everyone of your clients and they agreed to stay with or without you. The results of my hiring some tody. At least they give me the one thing you're never will. They willty. Are they other reasons why I shouldn't fire you to?

Brian: I can't think of one.

[He stands up and try to leave.]

Gardner: You've got a week prove to me that you're worth with..

Brian: That long?

Gardner: Oh by the way rumor has it that you're g*y.

Brian: The rumor's right. But unless I'm f*cking you, it's none of your business.

[He leaves with that.]

[The bank. Emmett and Ted are groveling to a bank teller.]

Ted: There is this slide misunderstanding.

Emmett: Very, very slide. Tiny. Itsy-bitsy winsy.

Ted: Yeah, seems Mr.Honeycut unintentionally drew money that didn't belong to him.

[The teller reads from her monitor.]

Emmett: But here is the money. I'll have to cash like never happen. Have a nice day.

Teller: Wait! Right there.

Emmett: Oh my god, they're arrest me.

Ted: Just calm down. You're gonna play dumb.

Emmett: I can do that.

Ted: You can say, you drew the money and never realising it wasn't yours which you come by and return it.

Emmett: That's... that's perfect. They're sure believe me.

Ted: But if they don't try a cell with Southern exposure.

Bank manager: Which of you is Mr.Honeycut?

Emmett: I...I...i...

Ted: He is.

Bank manager: Please come with me.

[In the office.]

Emmett: I did it. I stole the money. I'm guilty. I'm so sorry. [He sobs into his hand.]

Ted: It was a mistake.

Bank manager: Oh, that was no mistake. The money was correctly deposit in your account. All ten million dollars.

Emmett: I... I need to consult with my accountant. [to Ted] What exactly did he mean by that?

Ted: What exactly did you mean by that?

Bank manager: The money was left to you by George Schickle.

Emmett: George?

[The manager pulls the Tape of Exposition out of his file cabinet and hands it over to Emmett.]

Bank manager: He also wanted you to have this.

[Emmett slowly, very slowly takes the tape.]

[Vance add company. Brian and his assistant Cynthia in his office.]

Cynthia: Find anything?

Brian: Gardner Vance,41, gratuated Harvard business school. Start with his copyright for DBD in New York, then junior ad assec. Then Chicago. What about you? What you've find?

Cynthia: Mostly the same as you plus feature article of one of the Chicago papers.

Brian: Divorced twice. Boxing fanatic. Wow. Straight guy.

Cynthia: Well, there is an intersting quote though, I circle it.

Brian: Of one ask if there was an accounted he'd never able to win, Vince said, "Yeah, Brown Athletics." [he thinks over that.]

[Brian stands up.]

Cynthia: Where d'you goin'?

Brian: See a few of my hottest tricks.

Cynthia: You're going to the baths now. You'll f*ck us both out of a job.

[A nasty, pay-by-the-hour motel.]

Lindsay: This is the filthiest, the slieciest, the most disgusting motel I've ever seen!

Mel: You expected a Hilton?

Lindsay: Uh-huh. [she wants to go.]

Mel: Hey, where'd you goin'?

Lindsay: Home?

Mel: We're just walked in!

Lindsay: And now we're just walking out!

Mel: But we already paid!

Lindsay: By the hour. What kind of motel has hourly raise?

Mel: That kind were you stick away for a quicky with some chickie and hope it doesn't find out. Take off your coat. We're stay a while.

Lindsay: But they are stained on the bed spread and in the carpet. And it smells!

Mel: Now it's sleazy, sponteanious.

Lindsay: Can't we sponteanious in some place else like where they chance the sheets and they have room-service?

Mel: This is the room service. A complete line of sex toys including anyone flavors of lubrican in the front desk.

[They kiss. Moaning. Groping. Pulling. Mel yanks Lindsay up as she opens Lindsay's shirt. Kissing. Moaning. Yanking. Mel takes off her shirt. Lindsay touches Mel's breasts. The girls stop making out when they hear someone else having sex in another room. It's a woman's moaning.]

Mel: I call the manager.

Lindsay: No. We put the TV on instead to drown them out.

[Every channel at the hotel is showing porn. Mel cups her own breasts into her hands.]

Mel: Are those things real?

Lindsay: I hope not.

[They keep changing the channel until they find a cooking show.]

Lindsay: Oh, the cooking show! He's preparing mandarine duck. I always wanted to know how to do it.

[Emmett, Ted, and Michael are watching George's video.]

George: "Hey, Emmett."

Emmett: Hi, George.

George: "I miss you."

Emmett: I miss you, too.

George: "Now, you must'n cry."

Emmett: I'll try not to.

George: "Let me see your smiling."

Emmett: I didn't know if I can.

George: "Emmett, you can do better."

[He smiles a little.]

George: "That's better. Well, did you received my little gift?"

Emmett: A little? I couldn't believe it.

Michael: Neither could we.

George: "See, you always say, 'f*ck 'em all'. Well to do that you got have my f*cking all money."

Emmett: What I'm gonna suppose to do with it?

George: "Whatever you want. Whatever makes you happy."

Emmett: You'll make me happy.

George: "You too. More than you know."

Ted: Ten mills are a clear indication.

George: "Well, I... I guess that's it. You offered your adventure, I'm offer mine."

[George blows Emmett a kiss.]

[Brian's add fotoshooting. Many most naked men are there]

Brian: [to the photographer] I need those in 3 hours.

Photographer: I'm not a rusher.

Brian: Please.

Photographer: I've try.

[He does. He takes picture of the guys in sport pose. Cynthia comes in.]

Cynthia: Here are your tickets. I don't think you'll be needing it. I called Browns office. They said he doesn't accept unsolicited pitches. Do you want me to cancel?

[Next scene. At Debbie at home. Emmett gives Lindsay a car key.]

Lindsay: Oh Emmett! You can't do this!

Mel: People don't get their friends a car!

Michael: Ask this question in a game show!

Emmett: It's not just a car - it's a Subaru SUV. I've read it that this is the number 1 choice for lesbians.

Debbie: I'm sure Mr. Subaru would be thrilled!

Emmett: Um, Justin this is for you.

Justin: A trip to Italy?

Emmett: Yeah, George and I were planing... never mind. You're goin' as art for centuries to the eternal city, to Florence, to Venice. It is there, that you've discover your soul.

Ted: Then see what the statues of naked men too

Emmett: When you and Brian are in Milan he can use this. Is a gift of the Armani fall collection.

Justin: Oh, he love the new series.

Emmett: The entire collection. Never wonder what you wear again. And Debbie this is for you.

[Emmett hands Debbie a diamond tennis bracelet.]

Debbie: Oh sh*t, you're gonna make me cry. No, Emmett, no.

Emmett: Yeah! Now when you slinging that hash everyone will think you were a princess.

Debbie: Thank you.

Emmett: Michael.

[he opens a envelope.]

Michael: Jesus, Em. He paid the mortage on my comic book store for the next 5 years! You've changed my life!

[Mel and Lindsay are kissing in the corner.]

Ted: Oh, I guess there is nothing left in the bag for me.

Emmett: What I really want for you I couldn't get. Someone wonderful to spend your life with.

Ted : Well, there's always a golden retriever.

[He looks at a paper, Emmett's givin' him.]

Ted: Lifetime orchestra seats at the opera.

Emmett: Two left seats. Cause I know you find someone.

[Ted embrace his friend and starts to cry. Mel walks over and hugs Ted.]

Mel: What about yourself, Emmett?

Lindsay: I hope you got yourself something.

Emmett: Oh no, no. It's much better to give than to receive. Except in bed.

[Everyone laughs.]

Emmett: There was a little something that catch my eyes. George wanted to be "f*ck 'em all" money. Well Georgie would love this!

[Emmett jumps back into the room wearing a black velvet coat. Emmett dances in a circle.]

[Lindsay walks downstairs in her darkened living room and bumps into Leda.]

Lindsay: Oh, hey. I was just on my way to the kitchen to make myself a sandwhich.

Leda: Come, try mine.

Lindsay: I didn't expect you be here. I figured you out and painting the town red or whatever color they paint towns these days.

Leda: All the hot gals are home with their wives and getting on. How about you guys?

Lindsay: We'd tried going to a motel.

Leda: [laughs] No sh*t! Did they have you hear screaming through the walls?

Lindsay: That was someone else. We were the one who's watching the cooking show.

Leda: When I've were there, I would have pinned you both to the bed and done a dozen dozen: twelve orgasms from twelve different positions.

[Lindsay chokes on Leda's sandwich. Leda rubs Lindsay's shoulder.]

Leda: You're okay?

Lindsay: Just went down the wrong way.

Leda: Christ, you're tight! We're need to loosing it up.

Lindsay: No, no, no, no. It's okay.

Leda: No, just let me wrap your shoulders. I get all the stress get out and then you and the missed can spontaneously can bust. You know what you need? Jujietsu. Or even better Tantra. Have you ever had a deep rectal massage?

Lindsay: Not recently.

Leda: You have no idea how much tension people carry in their sphincters.

[Mel slowly walks down the stairs in the dark and watches Leda lying on top of Lindsay as they giggle and touch each other.]

[Back in Brian's loft.]

Justin: Emmett get everyone the coolest stuff. Cars, trips. He even get Debbie a diamond bracer.

Brian: I really have hand it to him. He must givin' George a hell of a blowjob. Have you seen my Prota tie?

Justin: f*ck the tie. You're got the entire Armani collection.

Brian: Yeah, but what I'm supposed to wear until them?

Justin: He got me a trip to Italy to see all the Masters.

Brian: I've heard they have a big lether scene there.

Justin: Why you are bringing a tie when we're snowboarding?

Brian: I'm not going snowboarding. I'm going to Chicago.

Justin: Chicago? What the hell is in Chicago?

Brian: My new account.

Justin: But we're going to Vermont.

Brian: Some other time.

Justin: C'mon, you're promised.

Brian: It's business.

Justin: f*ck business!

Brian: That's exactly who you're f*cking. It's business. It's my business. It pays for this loft, it pays for snowboarding in Vermont, it pays for the Pittsburgh Institute of Fine Arts. Now, when I'm not get in this plane, I'm gonna be collecting unemployment and my f*cking Armani folk collection.

[Justin is pissed off. Brian leaves.]

[At the attic. Leda is finishing the floors. Mel has walked up.]

Leda: Hey, sweets. What do you think?

Mel: Looks great.

Leda: Lindsay's all happy too.

Mel: You're doin' an amazing job.

Leda: Thanks.

Mel: She entire eternally grateful.

Leda: Anything for you guys, you know that.

Mel: But, you know, it's not fair you asking to do all this by yourself.

Leda: I'm loving at.

Mel: No, really. It's too big a job. We can find a carpenter or handyman to coming in and finished up.

Leda: Sugar, there is no handyman at the moment here than me.

Mel: I know about your handy work. Like the job you're doin' on Lindsay last night.

Leda: That was just a friendly little massage.

Mel: Looks more than a little friendly for me.

Leda: Jesus, is that the jealous wife routine?

Mel: She fell asleep. You rubber and she purse.

Leda: Oh so, now I'm to blamem for your l*sbian bed death.

Mel: All I know is everything was just fine before you moved in.

Leda: Who the hell invited me?

Mel: I did. And... now I'm asking you to leave.

[Justin and Michael are having breakfast at Michael's place.]

Michael: You want some? [he means cereal.]

Justin: I'm not hungry.

Michael: What are you trying to do, starve yourself to death?

Justin: You sound like Deb.

Michael: I wonder how that happened. C'mon, eat. Wanna hear my secret fantasy?

Justin: I don't like to discuss kink on empty stomach.

Michael: I see Rage on a box. Preferably on the Froot Loops. With action figur inside.

Justin: Collect all three.

Michael: It could happened. Anything is possible.

Justin: Except Brian and I actually spending the time together.

Michael: I'm sure he would rather gone with you. He had no choice.

Justin: Do you always defend him?

Michael: Look, if he doesn't make it now, he never will.

Justin: He's already made it. He has money, success, a k*ller of loft what else would he want?

Michael: To be the best. If he gets this account, he'll be a star. If he doesn't he'll be out of a job. It won't be that easy to starting over a new firm. You know, all those new guys, younger guys coming up all the time.

Justin: So what about me? Where do I fit in? I don't want away. I want a boyfriend who only wants to be with me. Who wants to stay home every once in the while. At least gets jealous when some other guy sucking my d*ck right in front of him.

Michael: That's not Brian. He never will be.

[Brown Athletics. A young secretary in front of Brian.]

Secretary: I'm sorry, Mr.Kinney. But he left work to your assistant that Mr.Brown wasn't interested in meeting with you.

Brian: I'm all the way from Pittsburgh just to see him.

Secretary: Unfortunately he's in closed door meeting and can't be disturb.

Brian: Are we?

Secretary: He's out of house.

Brian: I'm sure if he saw my presentation...

Secretary: Look, I'm trying to say that you're wasting your time.

Brian: No, you're wasting his time because the sooner you get me in to see him the sooner I can show him these.

[He's taking his pictures out from the sh**ting.]

Secretary: Interesting.

Brian: I can see you impressed. Maybe you like a copy for yourself?
[Cut to the copy room. Brian f*ck him at the copy machine.]

Secretary: Mr.Brown eats lunch at the club.

[Cut to the club. Brian goes right to him. He's siting at his table. He's reading the newspaper.]

Mr.Brown: Who the hell are you?

Brian: Brian Kinney. Vangard advertising. Your assistant said I've find you here.

Mr.Brown: I thoughed I tell him to tell you that I wasn't interested in.

Brian: Really? He was into it.

Mr.Brown: [to the bartender] Herman, would you kind show this gentlemen out?

Brian: Herman, would you kindly bring us some of dom. On Vengard of course. We're celebrating Brown new athletics ad campaign.

Mr.Brown: If you're here to convince me to be more hip you're wasting your time. I'll be damn if I make a pair of sneakers that light up when you bounce.

Brian: Leave tendious to the other guys. What you sell is good old american tradition. But you need something with more head.

[Brian shows him a bunch of pictures]

Mr.Brown: Young man, there is no heat in baseball caps and wind breakers.

Brian: You're right, there is not. But it's my job to make them think that they're is.

Mr.Brown: "The one thing to wear".

Brian: We're running these in all the top magazines. We're appeal the women because they do the most spending AND to the new g*y market.

[He shows him a guy with a jock strap on. And he shows us his butt.]

Brian: Herman, would you bring me a steak? Medium rare.

[Liberty diner. Debbie pours water on Michaels glass.]

Debbie: You've notices how I call the attention on it without following attention on it? It's called classy.

Ted: You've got any ice?

Debbie: Whaddaya call this?

Ted: For my water!

Debbie: Coming right up. Hey, Mr.Moneybags, what can I give for you?

Emmett: Uh, a donut please.

Debbie: You've got it.

Michael: You're shopping?

Ted: Of course he has! What else have a f*gg*t of leisure to do all day except shop?

Emmett: Too many people, too tiering, too cold.

Ted: And complained?

Emmett: Well, I've seen a few interesting sales but then I realised that I don't need balancing anymore and it all seem suddenly so empty.

Debbie: One q*eer donut on the house.

Emmett: Thanks, Deb. So, I'm begin to think.

Ted: Oh, it's a dangerous sign.

Emmett: I can more than waste some of money. I have a responsibility. I mean I broughed presents for everyone except for the one person who make that possible. George.

Michael: Em, George is dead.

Emmett: I know. I mean, I can't buy him a car or a watch but I can honor his memory.

Michael: Well he's already have such of things to honor of him.

Ted: Concert hall.

Debbie: And the pickle.

Emmett: I was thinking of more belong of lines "George Schickle Home for g*y and l*sbian Youth".

Debbie: George sure knew what he's doin' when he's giving the money to you, honey.

[Debbie kisses Emmett full on the mouth]

Debbie: Hello. Get you anything?

Man: Emmett Honeycutt?

Emmett: I'm Emmett Honeycutt. But I'm not on the menu.

Man: This is for you. [he gives him some papers and leaves]

Michael: What is it?

Emmett: Something about the Schickle heir.

Ted: Let me see that. Yada yada.

Debbie: Yada, yada what?

Ted: The Schickle family is contesting Emmett's inheritance.

Emmett: What? They can't do that. He left it to me.

Ted: Well apperently they think he should left it to them. They frozen your account.

Emmett: What is that all mean?

Ted: That means maybe you should passed up those sales quite so quickly.

[Back at Mel and Linds.]

Lindsay: You told her to leaving without asking me?!

Mel: You never wanted her in the first place!

Lindsay: Well I like her when she's here now.

Mel: I bet you do!

Lindsay: She's doin' an amazing job!

Mel: And not just in the attic!

Lindsay: Excuse me?

Mel: The reason that we're not feeling very sexual is because we're too tired, that we have to much in the lines when I realize that in your minds it was her!

Lindsay: That is ridiculous!

Mel: God! Don't lie to me! I live with you for seven years I know you.

Lindsay: So maybe I do find her... attractiv. What about you?

Mel: Me? That was years ago!

Lindsay: Now, who's lieing? And then she's back in your life and you couldn't wait to jump on her back of her motocycle.

Mel: All right. So she's hot. So what?

[Leda knocks on their bedroom]

Leda: You know, you two have a sound proof the boudoir can hear every word.

Mel: Christ.

Leda: I just wanted to say that I'm sorry for any grief.

[Before Leda has walked away, Mel gets the timing to say something]

Mel: Uh, Leda? I have the feeling that we've been friends for too long.

Lindsay: We don't want you to leave like this.

Leda: You're right. It's bullshit.

[Girls start kissing, grabbing, groping. Leda pushes Mel and Lindsay's mouths together. The girls are kissing and making out. Leda's kissing Mel and has her thumb jammed into Lindsay's mouth. Everybody grabs a handful of buttons and gets to undressing.]

[Gardner Vance ad agency.]

Gardner: 200 dollars for lunch? What the hell we're doin' in Chicago?

[Brian calls a number of his telephon.]

Brian: Say hello to our newest client. Leo Brown.

Mr.Brown: Hello?

Gardner: Mr.Brown? Gardner Vince. I just wanted to welcome you upboard. Oh, yes. He... he suddenly is. Yes. Absolutely I will so. Thank you. [he hangs up] He sends his regards. I've been after him for years. How did you managed that?

Brian: Did my homework.

Gardner: Well, I suppose get calls for a prize.

Brian: I think it calls more from that. Brown signs the two years commitment based on on conditioncy.

Gardner: What's that?

[Brian goes away and Gardner looks through the agreement.]

>[Brian's loft. Brian's back and carries a bottle of champagne]

Brian: Hey, Sunshine! Come gratulate me. Your partner just made partner.

[The loft is empty.]

[Babylon. At the entrance.]

Emmett: Hey, can you loan me a ten?

Ted: Oh, how the mighty have fallen.

[The boys stand in a blue light, just as Brian appears.]

Michael: Look who it is!

Emmett: Hey, what are you're doin' here?

Ted: The face looks familiar.

Brian: Shut the f*ck up.

Ted: Unfortunately the voice sounds the same.

Michael: When you get back?

Brian: A few hours ago. Where's Justin?

Emmett: He's not here.

Brian: Where is he? I have big news.

Michael: He went to Vermont.

Emmett: Snowboarding.

Brian: Alone?

Michael: Alone.

Ted: So, what's the big news?

Brian: Nothing.

[Brian goes away. We watch lonely, dejected Brian walk away for a very long time down the very wide, crowded alley behind Babylon]

Music:

Queen #Good Old Fashioned Loverboy

#Ooh love - Ooh Loverboy

What're you doin' tonight, hey boy -

Set my alarm, turn on my charm

That's because I'm a good old-fashioned loverboy

Ooh let me feel your heartbeat (grow faster, faster)

Ooh Ooh let me feel your love heat

Come on and sit on my hot-seat of love

And tell me how do you feel right after-all

I'd like for you and I to go romancing

Say the word - your wish is my command

Ooh love - Ooh loverboy

What're you doin' tonight, hey boy

Write my letter

Feel much better

I'll use my fancy patter on the telephone

When I'm not with you

I think of you always

I miss you -

(I miss those long hot summer nights)

When I'm not with you

Think of me always

I love you - Love you

Hey boy where do you get it from

Hey boy where did you go?

I learned my passion in the good old

fashioned school of loverboys-#

END OF EPISODE

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